ALTEMIRA:

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is now Acted at the *New-Theatre* in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

By His Majesty's Servants.

Written by the Right Honourable *ROGER* Late Earl of *ORRERY*; and Revis'd by the Honourable *CHARLES BOYLE*, Esq;

LONDON:

Printed for *John Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall*, 1702.

ALCIMEDA.

A TRAGEDY.

To the Right Honourable

LIONEL
Earl of Orrery.

My Lord,

THIS Play naturally flies to Your Lordſhip for Protection. It was written by my Lord of *Orrery*, Your Renowned Grandfather. To whom then can it ſo immediately belong as to Your Lordſhip, the Inheritor of His Virtues, as well as of His Honours.

Your Lordſhip muſt needs know that this *Tragedy* was left extreamly unfiniſhed by the Noble Author, yet was it a Piece, wherein ſo many admirable Touches, worthy of a

Maſter's Hand, appear'd, that 'twould have been a kind of Publick Loſs to the Ingenious World, if they had not been produc'd and ſet in a good Light.

This Advantage is entirely owing to the Care and Judgment of a Gentleman, who is univerſally eſteem'd an Ornament to Learning, an Honour to His Country, and the Delight of All that know Him.

He was pleas'd to Reviſe it, and to Separate from a vaſt Variety of Wit, and Redundance of Moral Thoughts (which made the Whole of an extream Length) the moſt Beautiful and Inſtructive Turns of Both, ſo as to Reduce the Poem within a reaſonable Compaſs.

I had the Honour, *My Lord*, to receive His Commands, to take ſome Care of its Repreſentation upon the Stage, where it had the good Fortune to meet with Juſtice from the Actors, and Applauſe from the Audience.

If a vaſt Stock of Wit and Noble Sentiments be any Objection to a Play, then may my Lord of *Orrery* be cenſur'd. His Writings are everywhere full of them, for which he had the Reputation of being not only one of

the

the greatest Wits of his own time, but has secur'd that Character with the latest Posterity.

Your Lordship, I doubt not, will agree, That *Altemira* deserves to be plac'd among the rest of His Plays; She's a Beautiful Orphan, that claims at once Respect and Compassion. Happy for her that she is related to so Noble and so Numerous a Family; for Merit, tho' conspicuous, seldom thrives in this World, without the Assistance of powerful Friends.

And now, *My Lord*, I must humbly ask Your Lordship's Pardon, for giving you this Trouble, and must intreat Your Lordship, that I may have the Honour of being esteem'd,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Obedient,
Humble Servant,

Francis Manning.

ALTE-

PROLOGUE.

By *Henry St. John* Esq; Spoke by Mr. *Betterton.*

AN Ancient Poet will appear to Night,
Rais'd from Elysium *to the Realms of Light.*
The sofiest Charmer of a Charming Age,
Assumes the Buskin and ascends the Stage,
To move your Passions and your Hearts engage.
But oh! How hardly will he reach his Aim,
When Love and Honour are his only Theme?
There was a time, when all those Passions felt,
And soothing Bards could stubborn Heroes melt.
An Amorous Monarch fill'd a peaceful Throne,
And laughing Cupids *Perch'd upon his Crown.*
Still in some Breasts the British *Spirit rose,*
Which scorns all Chains but what the Fair impose.

Then Altemira *might have hop'd Success,*
A tender Audience sharing her Distress.
Then Heroes, govern'd by severer Rules,
Had not been laugh'd at for Romantick Fools.

But in this Iron-Age your Souls to move,
In vain we try by Honour or by Love.
The certain way to please your Vitious Tast,
Are Streams of Blood and Volleys of Bombast.
Dancers and Tumblers now the Stage Prophane,
Musick and Farce alone our Plays sustain,
And Art and Nature leave the trifling Scene.

Yet Criticks sure for their own sakes to Day,
The Poet Dead, will not condemn the Play.
If you are wise, your usual spite forbear,
Confine at least your Follies to this Sphere.
Let not the Bard, who to Elysium *goes,*
Your Shame to all the fleeting Shades expose.
For living Wits your blasting Censure save,
But let our Poet's Laurel skreen his Grave.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

By the Honourable *Charles Boyle*, Esquire.

Spoke by Miss *Porter*.

THIS Play, I'm horribly afraid can't last,
Allow it pretty, 'tis confounded Chast,
And contradicts too much the present Tast.
The General Courts in such an humble Tone,
You'd hardly think he'd got the Nymph alone.
Her Fear perhaps might make her keep the Field,
The Ladies shew most Bravery, that yield.
Some gentle, decent force had been of use,
And given the willing Vestal an Excuse.
But whilst he only said soft things and whin'd,
She wanted a pretence for being kind.

The Tyrant, Faith, bid fair, to do him Right,
For Joys that last, like Critick's Plays, scarce a third Night.
Lycidor *found his Mistress Kind and Fair,*
And for his sake she made the rest Despair.
But the stout Coxcomb to deserve her Bed,
Thought he must bravely first be knock'd o'th' Head.
The Lady too methinks but plays the Fool,
And is made constant by Romantick Rule.
Our well-bred Drnnkards would as soon maintain
Old Claret's *Rights, and abdicate* Champain,
As any prudent Virgin of this Town
Would think no Man could serve her turn but one.
Besides a gingling Play's unmodish grown,
A peaceful Pamphlet would as soon go down.
For by the doughty Criticks of our Time,
Nothing but Wit is [illegible] abhorr'd than Rhime.
By rigid forms of Law then we must Die,
But we appeal to that fair Court of Equity. To the Boxes.
If that proves kind, from the gay Wits o'th' Age
No favour we desire but a clear Stage.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

King,	An Usurper:	Mr. *Powel.*
Mellizer,	The true King.	Mr. *Arnold.*
Clorimon,	General of the Army in Love with *Altemira.*	Mr. *Betterton.*
Lycidor,	A Lord, in Love with *Altemira.*	Mr. *Booth.*
Memnor,	Brother to *Altemira.*	Mr. *Knap.*
Altemira,		Mrs. *Barry.*
Candace,	The Son of *Mellizer* but in Disguise.	Mrs. *Bowman.*

Women to Altemira.

Cratanor,	Mr. *Cory.*	Officers of the Army.
Tilladen,	Mr. *Pack.*	
Thrasolin,	Mr. *Fieldhouse.*	
Monasin,	Mr. *Baily.*	
Gesippus,	Confident to the Usurper.	Mr. *Freeman.*

Musicians, Servants, Pages and others.

The SCENE *Sicily.*

ALTE-

ALTEMIRA.
A Tragedy.

Act I. Scene I. *A ſhort Allarm.*

Enter haſtily at ſeveral Doors, Monaſin, Filladen, Crataner, *with their Swords drawn.*

Filla. ALL's loſt, the very Guards the Danger ſhun,
As faſt as Honour to it bids 'em run.
Fear has ſo blinded them, they do not ſee
Their Ruin, or what's worſe, their Infamy.

Crat. If all be loſt, then let us rob the Foe
Of the full Glory of our Overthrow.
Let us diſpatch our ſelves——

Mona. They then will ſay,
Deſpair not Honour taught us that bold way.

Filla. Let us then block up ſo the Rebel's Way
With ſuch of ours, as we our ſelves ſhall ſlay;
That they, when dead, may that Aſſiſtance give,
Their Fear made them deny us, when alive.

Enter Thraſolin.

Thraſ. What means this Rage, that ſits on every Brow
And why in ſuch a threatning Poſture now?

Mona. Can *Thraſolin* ask that, yet know and hear
So many Dangers threaten us, and ſo near,
That now we do not on our Reaſons call
Which to avoid, but nobleſt where to fall?

Filla. 'Tis but the Crime of Fortune if we die,
But, *Thraſolin*, 'tis ours, if e're we flie.

Thraſ. If this be all the Buſineſs, on my Word
Each bloody Warrior then may ſheath his Sword.

For you will find when theſe Diſorders end,
They were not for a Foe, but for a Friend.
Filla. This Fiction, *Thraſolin*, augments our Grief;
Thou doſt delude us, 'tis above Belief.
Mona. Who in our Camp cou'd ſuch brave Acts perform,
Or rather tell what Fury rais'd this Storm?
Thraſ. Your Abſence kept thus long, my Plot untold,
But now its Riſe and Progreſs I'll unfold.
You know when *Mellizer* agreed to yield
His Right, rather than win it in the Field:
By both contending Parties 'twas agreed
His Son ſhou'd the Uſurper's Daughter wed.
But oh! on the appointed Nuptial Day
The hopeful *Altemaſt* was made away.
The fierce Uſurper next decreed the Fall
Of the victorious and lov'd General.
Fearing he wou'd, did he the Army head,
Reſtore the Living, and revenge the Dead.
Mona. And ſome ſuſpect the filthy Tyrant's Love,
Did chiefly the brave Generals Ruin prove.
For tho' the Letcher's in his fumbling Age,
Yet *Altemira* does his Heart engage,
And *Altemira* too has long poſſeſt
A ſettled Empire in the General's Breaſt.
But *Thraſolin* proceed——
Thraſ. Reſolv'd to try all lawful Ways, that might
Reſtore our injur'd Monarch to his Right:
I firſt deſign'd to call back *Clorimon*;
Which to effect, thus I this Night begun.
The Guards being mine, ſome choſen Friends I ſent
Throughout the Camp, to mourn his Baniſhment.
They cou'd not fail ſucceſsfully to plead,
Where but to name their Cauſe was to perſwade.
But they were Men of elevated Sence,
None cou'd reſiſt ſuch powerful Eloquence.
While *Clorimon* our Leader was, you know
We ſtill were bleſs'd with Wealth and Honour too:
That his great Name alone ſtill conquer'd more
Than all our Armies ever did before.
That we are curſt, ſince he was ſent away
With too much Reſt, and with too little Pay.
Theſe Words did ſo renew their Grief and Love,
They all in Sighs lamented his Remove.
Then different Parties form'd one mighty Crowd,
And their ſoft Whiſpers ſoon grew boldly loud.

They

They march'd directly to the Tyrant's Tent,
Demanding *Clorimond* from baniſhment.
When the King found no Speeches cou'd prevail,
He bid his Guards the Mutineers aſſail.
But they receiv'd, in many a fierce Aſſault,
A puniſhment, as great as was their fault.
Filla. Then all theſe troubles did this Night befal,
Were but to bring us back our General.
Thraſ. Right. On which all are ſo intent, you may
With as much eaſe perſwade them from their Pay,
As from their Reſolution.
Mona. Reaſon now.
Will make it ſafeſt for you to go through.
Thraſ. All former Plots I wiſely did decline,
To make that look like Chance, which is deſign.
Filla. But pray, how looks the noble *Mellizer*
Who by undoubted right the Crown ſhou'd wear;
And whom the Tyrant ſtill keeps on his ſide,
Either to lull his Fear, or raiſe his Pride?
Does not this Storm awake him from his Sleep,
Or does he ſtill his uſual Temper keep?
Thraſ. Still he's the ſame, his Virtues are ſo clear,
They keep him far above, or Guilt, or Fear.

[*A great cry within, and* Clorimon *for our General often repeated.*

Enter King *and* Mellizer.

King. Oh Gentlemen, let it be never known
You laviſh thus the Hours ſo precious grown.
For ſuch is the inſulting Soldiers rage,
Words are but vain, 'tis Blood muſt that aſſwage.
Crat. It were unwiſe, Sir, to provoke them now
To what Deſpair and Rage may urge them to.
The Rebels Forces are too near and great,
And the diſorder'd Soldier in the heat
He now is in, may to ſuch Crimes be bent,
As may unhinge the firmeſt Government.
And then this plauſible excuſe may bring,
The way of asking's bad, but not the thing.

[*The Cry continues.*

Thraſ. You cannot, Sir, a middle Councel Chuſe,
The Army now will take, if you refuſe.
Delay, their Strength will make them underſtand,
And few will e're Obey, who can Command.

Millez. In your Reſolves, Great Sir, be not thus ſlow,
For the more forc'd the Action then will ſhow.
If, Sir, at laſt you yield, and at firſt ſtrive,
'Tis they who take, and 'tis not you who give.
Retire then now to *Leptis*, which is nigh,
And is a Place of Strength and Loyalty.

King. This Councel, which you all on me beſtow,
I muſt confeſs is Wiſe, but 'tis too low.
And he can ne're deſerve a Crown to wear,
Who can admit of one baſe thought of fear.
'Tis nobler far to loſe my life in fight,
Then to preſerve it by a ſhameful flight.
For ſure the World will judge the firſt muſt be
To them a high reproach, the laſt to me.

Melliz. Permit me, Sir, to ſay your Courage here
May too much like a meer Deſpair appear.
Beſides what they for *Clorimon* pretend
May be the Mask, and a worſe thing their End.
The Rebels Forces are a mighty Power,
And hourly look for the brave *Lycidor*.
Sir, your Retirement may be made appear
To Spring from your contempt, and not from fear.
No greater ill your Army can befal,
Then to want You to be their General.

King. My Judgment I reſign to yours, but go,
Thraſalin, ſtreight, and let the Army know,
I grant them their Requeſt, and now they ſhall
Enjoy once more their long'd for General.
But ſtay, for what if *Clorimon* ſhou'd now
When fortune Smiles, ſhew her an angry Brow?

Thraſ. If not his King nor Country cou'd invite
His conquering Soul to vindicate their Right;
Yet *Altemira*'s Love ſo fills his Breaſt,
Twill force him from his Solitude and Reſt.
She'll make him Court again the Worlds applauſe,
And ſhow his Courage great as is your Cauſe.

King. You then who know his inmoſt thoughts ſo well,
Shall carry theſe Inſtructions to his Cell.
Tell him if he'll caſt off his ſullen Pride,
And ſteer himſelf as he can others guide,
I firmly promiſe none ſhall have in me,
A more extended Intereſt than he.
Come, *Mellizer*, to *Leptis* we'll retire,
There wait th' Effects of granting your deſire.

[*Scene Changes.*] [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter

Enter Lycidor *and* Page.

Lycid. This is the Window, *Page*, under that Light.
Go ſing the Song which I compos'd to Night.
Solemnize every Accent with a Groan,
And make the Tune ſad as th'Occaſion.

The SONG.

WHY was I doomed by fate to prove
Abſence is Hell to faithful Love;
Is it thereby at my return,
To make my Joys the brighter burn.
If ſo, that needleſs Care decline,
I want no foil to ſet off mine.
Or elſe does Fortune think my Joy
Not qualified would ſoon deſtroy?
Alas! Abſence is ſuch an ill,
It will not qualifie but kill.
I ask of Fortune and of Fate,
But not to change my preſent State:
In all things elſe I ſhall but find,
The one is cruel, t'other blind.

Go tell *Candace*, that I beg I may
My parting Sighs to *Altemira* pay.
Then ſee that all be ſo prepar'd to Night,
That I may leave the Town by dawn of Light. [*Exit.* Page.

[Lycidor *walks in great diſorder.*

How can that Heart that does her Image bear,
Admit of ought ſo near to Sin as Fear?
If but the thought of Abſence be ſuch Pain,
How can I then Abſence it ſelf ſuſtain?

Enter Altemira *and* Candace.

Can you a parting Lover's Zeal forgive,
That rudely preſſes thus to take his leave?
Alte. I can forgive you all, my *Lycidor*,
But leaving me, and leaving me for War.
For that ſo little Argument I find,
My Reaſon makes the Fault look more unkind.
Lycid. You ſee my Griefs ſuch deep Impreſſions give,
I'd better die than thus afflicted live.
Yet to thoſe Sorrows under which I groan,
Can you ſtill think it fit to add your own?

Alte.

Alte. 'Tis only you have your own Troubles wrought,
For they, alas! Are not impos'd, but ſought.
Did you but Credit what you ſtill profeſs,
That I alone can make your Happineſs;
You would not your Obedience now decline,
But end by paying it your Griefs and mine?

Lycid. It were unjuſt and baſe ſhould I poſſeſs
The moſt exalted of all Happineſs,
And not in every way of Honour ſtrive
To ſhew that I would merit what you give.
But were my Lawrels as my Myrtles are,
Had I all Glory found in Peace and War:
All were as ſhort of Merit I would ſhew,
As by your Love I am above it now.
Yet I confeſs I cannot but deſign
To ſhew my failings are Fate's Sins, not mine.

Alte. Whate're your Art can urge, will clearly prove
You doat on Glory, me you only love.

Lycid. I doat on Glory! Witneſs ye bleſt Powers,
My only Glory is that I am yours.
And from this War I hope but this Reward,
Againſt the Tyrant's Luſt to be your Guard.
You are ſo good, he ill in ſuch Exceſs,
I ne're can doubt my Safety or Succeſs!

Alte. Yet when I think how many Dangers ſtill
You muſt be in, how many more you will,
Sorrow invades me ſo, I muſt confeſs
My reaſon rather makes them more than leſs.

Lycid. Can you ſuſpect, ſince I'm engag'd to you,
I am not deſtin'd to be Victor too?
I have your Love, and in your Quarrel Fight,
That makes it Duty, this makes it Delight.

Alte. When you are gone, one Comfort will remain,
And help my load of Sorrow to Suſtain.
This Truth will clearer by your abſence ſhine,
Your want of kindneſs ne're can leſſen mine.
At once you'll act my Sorrow and my Eaſe,
The Cauſe muſt trouble, but th' Effect will pleaſe.
Yet if you love my Life, let it be ſhown
By the great Care you'll take to ſave your own.

Lycid. My Life from danger, Madam, muſt be free,
Whilſt you are kind, and kind to only me.
But, Madam, ſince your Juſtice is ſo great,
May that not force your kindneſs to retreat?
I fear when you a worthier Perſon ſee,
That Juſtice may corrupt your Conſtancy.

Forgive me, fairest, then if I protest
My doubting Wit will never be at Rest,
Till that high Vertue which now threatens me,
By Holy Vows turns my Security.
Alte. You wou'd not sure attempt new Vows to gain,
Unless you cou'd believe the old were vain.
But doubts will force me rather to deplore
The Vows I've made already, than make more.
Cou'd I prove false to *Lycidor*, I'm sure
So foul a Wound would be it self its Cure?
Lycid. Since I perceive my Doubts, tho' fond, will be
As sadly Troublesome to you, as me:
I'll punish what thus highly does offend,
And act what more than Death I apprehend.
[*He takes Leave by kissing her Hand.*
May you still, Madam, have the Power to be
Your self as happy, as your Love makes me?
And may no Griefs like those approach your Heart,
Which I now suffer, when from you I part!
Alte. My Eyes, I hope, are kinder than my Words,
For Grief to these a Passage scarce affords.
Lycid. Unhappy Man! what can give thee Relief,
When *Altemira*'s Kindness makes thy Grief? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clorimon *and* Thrasolin.

Clor. Urge me no more, I say, for my ill Fate
Cannot express more Constancy in Hate,
Than I in my Resolves: The World to me
Is now what still to Wise Men it shou'd be.
Nothing can tempt me to launch out agen,
I loath it now, as vertuous Men loath Sin.
Thras. How can that pure and that exalted Soul,
Which things unlike it self us'd to controul,
A Conqueror from such Fame, such Wealth exclude,
And make him doat upon a Solitude?
Come, quit this Nauseous, this Inglorious Cell,
And give to rusty Ease a long Farewel.
Put on your Faithful Armour, and you'll see,
Your old and great Attendant Victory,
Did never yet so much to Fortune owe,
As in this War Inconstancy to show.
Have you so long on tempting Glory fed,
And has the luscious Meat a Surfeit bred?
Or do you think it is its utmost rise
Thus to have Power all Glory to Despise!

And I

And to refuſe your needful aid to bring,
And ſave your ſinking Country and your King?

Clor. He's an ungrateful Prince, and you well know
'Tis not his Love, but Fear invites me now.
When I at *Leptis* his ſunk hopes did raiſe,
And acted things he vow'd excelled his Praiſe,
Yet he——

Thraſ. No more. When Kings won't noble deeds Reward,
They carry in themſelves their own reward.
But if for him you will not undertake
This War, yet do it for your Country's ſake:
Your ſinking Country, which on you does call,
And ſuppliant begs you to prevent its fall.

Clor. Thou talkeſt as if I govern'd Deſtiny,
That rules not me alone, but Monarchy.
A Storm, if ſent but as a threatning ill,
Will be o'ercome by Courage, and by Skill.
But when to ruin us our Fate thinks fit,
We may forſake the Helm, and muſt ſubmit.
Kingdoms like private Lives have Periods ſet,
And when Fate calls none can deny the Debt.

Thraſ. Grant this, and that our fatal time were come,
Wou'd *Clorimon* out-live his Countries doom?

Clor. Why not? Becauſe I cannot ſtill enjoy
That which I'd have, muſt I my ſelf Deſtroy?

Thraſ. Yet if death *Altemira* ſhou'd deſtroy,
You wou'd not after that your ſelf enjoy?

Clor. Ha! *Altemira*, ſaid you? There's a Name
Rouſes afreſh my old ſucceſſleſs flame.

Thraſ. Can you reflect on her, and yet not do
What glory, what revenge invites you to?
Your Rival in this War may grow ſo Great,
Her Love to him will not be gift but debt.

Clor. If great deſigns back'd with ſucceſs will woo her,
I'll offer up whole Loaden Altars to her.
I will to *Lycidor* a Rival prove
Greater in Fame, then he's to me in Love.

Thraſ. Now it begins to work. [*Aſide.*

Clor. Then for my ſake,
Glory my Cauſe in Love ſhall undertake.

Thraſ. Will you the proffer'd honours ſtill reject?
Love makes you Speak, 'tis power muſt make you Act.

Clor. Then I will make, that I may reach my End,
Love now the Tyrant of my Peace, my Friend.
For all I take by Courage or Surprize,
Shall be his Subjects, or his Sacrifice.

[*He ſays this as to himſelf.*

Thraſ.

Thraſ. Divert this Idle, Melancholy Scene,
And be your ſelf, great *Clorimon* again.
Think on your Love, your Honour, and thoſe may
To the Right ſide the doubtful Ballance ſway,
And with your Wreaths of Laurel Myrtle mix.

[Clorimon *after a pauſe Sighs.*

Clor. Come, Sir, walk in, or ſomething there I'll fix,
Why was not Reaſon, by decree of Heaven,
To Man for his internal Monarch given?
Our Paſſions over us the Conqueſt get,
And as They pleaſe, They Cloud or Govern it.
Love, Honour, and Revenge by turns bear ſway,
And all Command what they ſhould all obey.

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT the Second.

Great Shouts of Joy often repeated.

Enter Clorimon, Thraſolin, Cratander *and* Monaſin.

Scene the CAMP.

Thraſ. THE Soldiers, Sir, in this exceſs of Noiſe
Show your return brings them reſembling Joys.
Clor. My Joys, like theirs, would now have been ſublime,
Had they not brought me to 'em by a Crime.
But ſince what's paſt irrevocable ſtands,
Submiſſion is the firſt of my Commands.
The King ſhall ſee, this duty being paid,
I know by Armies how to be obey'd.

Enter Filladen *with a Guard.*
Lycidor *and* Memnor *Priſoners.*

Ha! Who are theſe, *Memnor* and *Lycidor?*
By what ſtrange Fate are they within my Power?
Filla. Juſt where in Ambuſh I had lain all Night,
Theſe two by dawn of Day came out to Fight.

Soon as they were ingag'd, I ſtraight appear'd,
Seiz'd 'em, and brought 'em hither with this Guard.
Lycid. If *Filladen* had not our Deaths denied,
And had not Fortune too join'd on his ſide,
We now had been (ſo juſtly Bonds we hate)
Endurers not beholders of our Fate.
Memn. Fortune not we ſhou'd for this Loſs be blam'd,
Which we'll ſo bravely bear, ſhe'll be aſham'd,
And while her unjuſt Frowns we ſuffer thus,
We'll Triumph over her as ſhe o're us.
Clor. Your Word's your Priſon, I no more impoſe.
Memn. 'Tis the ſecureſt hold that you can chuſe. [*Exeunt.*
Clor. All leave this Place but only *Lycidor*,
Methinks a ſadneſs ſits upon your Brow,
Which misbecomes one ſo much lov'd as you.
Your Miſtreſs's Love to me wou'd bring Relief
In all the Wounds of Fortune and of Grief.
Lycid. Think not my Sadneſs e're can ſpring from Fear,
For I can only Sigh, can only Grieve for her:
That Fortune ſhou'd be Tyrannous to him,
Whom *Altemira* does not diſeſteem.
Clor. Had Fortune plac'd me in your happy Sphere,
Were I to her as ſhe to me is Dear,
I wou'd not with *Elizian* Joys be bought
To ſpend on any other thing one Thought.
No Loſs, no Woe ſhou'd e're diſturb my Reſt,
I wou'd, I wou'd, in ſpite of Fate, be Bleſt.
[*Pauſes a while and Sighs, and then ſays,*
But tell me, Sir, does *Altemira* ſtill
Enjoy the Power of killing whom ſhe will?
Lycid. She does, and her bright Eyes ſtill ſhoot ſuch Fire,
That few can ſhun it, fewer ſtill deſire.
Eyes which but to behold, and not to love,
A Wonder great, as they themſelves, wou'd prove.
Clor. Great Gods! why are the Stars fix'd in ſuch height,
That we can only ſee their beautious Light:
And *Altemira* with more Luſtre grac'd,
Within my Rival's reach by you is plac'd?
Why was there given ſo much to her, and ſhe
Permitted too to give it all to thee?
She had enough, it muſt be ſure confeſs'd,
To make all her Sex fair, and all ours bleſt.
If ſhe thoſe noble Griefs had not abus'd,
And had what is contracted been diffus'd.
But, *Lycidor*, you Bleed, had I your Wound
But ſooner ſeen, you ſhou'd have ſooner found

What's

What's dear to her by Nature I'd not own
More, than what's so by Inclination. [*Exeunt.*

[*A Table set out with Bottles of Wine.*

Enter Filladen, Monasin, *and* Gratanor.

Scene a Sutler's Tent.

Filla. Why don't our States-men thus attended sit,
And strive to elevate their Lumpish Wit?
The Tavern is our Judgments proper Sphere,
And it moves rightly in no Orb but here.
The sober Clod-pate States-man by his Fear
Lets the Prince yield, the Rabble Domineer.
When Rustick Bullies huff the Regal State,
He dreads the Storm, and sneaks to his Retreat.
Heat but the sottish Counsellor with Wine,
No rash, no dangerous Project he'll decline.
He'll make the State to make himself Secure,
And in slight Ills applies a desperate Cure.
And ever kindly like a Quack prescribes,
That kills the Patient straight, or straight revives.
In the most slippery Paths he'll boldly tread,
And to Preserve his Pension, risk his Head.
His hungry Voters make a mighty Band,
And all the Drunkards follow his Command.
He can by Numbers the worst Cause maintain,
The Humble Claretteers resist in vain,
Whilst he toasts every Night in Politick Champaign.
But I forget, come, call the Musick in,
Sing the last Song compos'd by *Monasin.*

First SONG.

He that in Love would still prevail,
Or not be troubled if he fail,
Let him my way be a Lover.

At first I seem to Die for Love,
If that her Kindness does not move,
Without it I recover.

But if she Love, the like I do,
If true I'll strive to be so too:
Thus to Kindness I invite her.

But if a Tyrant she does prove,
And denies that, for which I love,
I prove one too, and slight her.

The Consequence I think is bad,
Because she's fair, I must be mad,
Which to prove, I soon forsake her.

This the best Rule in Love I find,
To think none fair unless they're kind,
Women thus are pretty Trifles.

Though Water cast upon a Fire,
Or Wine on Love makes some burn higher,
Yet mine instantly it stifles.

Who begs his Mistress Heart, must still
Be pleas'd with whatsoe'er she will,
The Beggar must not be a Chuser.

But I so wisely things design,
That still in all Amours of mine
I'm a Winner or no Loser.

When any Beauty Love inspires,
In Wine I quench those hopeless Fires,
The last Heat drives out the other.

Women I therefore will decline,
All my Affections are for Wine;
Those do kill, This does recover.

Filla. Tho' Wine has mighty Charms, and I confess
To those who love it they are numberless:
Yet, Gentlemen, you'll not deny, I'm sure;
Handsome and kind are not inferiour.
Crat. All handsome Women still are prais'd or curst,
Of Goods they are the best, of Ills the worst.
Mon. Like Needles touch'd, wou'd they still look one way,
I might by some fair Nymph be made a Prey.
But they're all false, and vainly think they're free,
Whilst they are Slaves to dear Inconstancy.
For our whole Sex the other whole Sex burn,
And like the old and uggly in their turn.
Let 'em disguise their Weakness as they can,
No Woman yet e'er doated on one Man.

Filla.

Filla. Their fickleneſs I think a Virtue rare,
I keep none long, and of none long deſpair,
In me a greater Trouble it would breed,
If they ſtill lov'd, than if they never did:
Their changing is what ſtill I moſt eſteem,
They do to me but what I'd do to them.
But here's to *Daphne.*

Mon. She's a Wit, reads Books,
And her Words ſeem more handſome than her Looks.
Reaſon alone has Power to make her kind,
But not t'attempt it I more reaſon find.
I think to praiſe a Tavern is as fit
For having Water, as a Woman Wit.
They doubtleſs ſhould with other Charms be grac'd,
I grant the thing is good, but there miſplac'd.
Here's to *Amanda*, ſhe is very Rich.

Crat. Her Gold, and not her Eyes, her Swains bewitch,
But I defie her Charms, for I eſteem
Her middle Age a Woman's worſt extream.
In every ſeaſon elſe Wiſh has ſome Scope,
In Youth there's Certainty, in Age there's Hope;
Her Wealth I love, her Looks that love deſtroy,
The Grapes are painted worſe than is the Boy.
And to deſcribe her truly that which frights
Is much more viſible, than what invites.
Come, here's to *Cloris*, who does kindly own
A Maid's chief Beauty is Diſcretion.

Mon. She vainly hopes her Lover to perſwade
By her Diſcretion, now her Beauties fade.
Love ugly Women makes diſcreet, you know.

Crat. Or rather ugly Women make Men ſo.
Come, here's to *Stella*, ſhe's pure Red and White.

Mon. If in thoſe Colours thou tak'ſt ſuch Delight,
Thy Love to Snow and Scarlet then Diſpence,
In which thoſe ſtrive with brighter Excellence.
Here's to *Callione*, ſhe's wondrous Fair,
And carries in her Face a Conquering Air.

Filla. Prithee no farther in her Praiſe proceed,
For on the Air ſhe'd have her Servants feed.
My love with that thin Diet ſhe did Treat,
And when I begg'd ſome more ſubſtantial Meat,
The very naming it ſhe ſcarce endured,
So Love like Agues was by ſtarving Cured.
Come here's to *Flora*, ſhe Sings ſweet and clear.

Crat. Love enters at the Eye, and not the Ear.
But I confeſs her Beauty and her Voice
Wou'd make her for all Men a noble Choice,

Were she as ready to receive a Fire,
As her bright Eyes a Passion to inspire:
But I can doat on none, the Fair are won
By too much time, the rest are gain'd too soon.
Here's to *Arthiopa*, for in her Face
Sadness has so much Empire, and such Grace,
That I cou'd never tell whether her Sight
Did most forbid a Passion, or invite.
Thou wert in Love with her, we all here know
Mon. But my last farewel I have taken now.
Alas! my Friends, I did discover soon
She by Approaches only cou'd be won.
And you well know what I in Love perform,
Is not by tedious Sieges, but by Storm.
Her Coyness has made me her Sex abjure,
Where Kindness is not, Reason is my Cure.
Though I in making Love Prose only spoke,
Yet I in Rhime and Verse my Leave have took.
But least our Absence should be thought too long,
Pray let us make it our concluding Song.
All. Agreed, agreed.

The Second SONG.

I Bid Defiance from this Hour,
Both to Loves Art, and to his Power.
And I do laugh at now
That Boy to whom I us'd to bow.
To conquer him there needs no Skill,
For no Man wants the Power that has the Will.
My Freedom now I much more prize
Than e're I did the brightest Eyes:
And all the Charms of White and Red
Move me no more than they can move the Dead.

For Passion does a Madness prove,
And Love is Passion, or not Love.
He's mad that courts a Pain,
But to be quit of it again.
Yet this the very Case does prove
Of whosoever thrives the best in Love.
Still to be healthy should more please,
Than to be cur'd of a Disease,
Then not to Love all must confess
Is better than in Love to have Success.

That Tyrant Boy was never known
To torture any but his own:
And still is worse to them,
Who most of all his Power esteem.

Experience now does make me find,
The Lover like his foolish God is blind,
And acting at a Mad-man's rate,
He suffers too, a Mad-man's fate,
In fits deplor'd and laughs at still,
And when recover'd thinks not he was ill.
But though of Love such truths I tell,
Yet few of it have scap'd so well.
I ne'er so mad was grown
At any time to make Love, but to one.
Who Loves but one can get no more,
And he can scarce get less that Loves a score.
Twenty therefore the fewest was
To which at once I gave the Chase.
Who at a Flock does shoot, 'tis known,
Has fairer hopes, than he shoots but at one.

So much I always lov'd to range,
That oft I left success for change.
And by removing still,
Beauty did want the time to kill.
The brightest Eyes ne'er could oblige
Above a Day my Heart unto a siege:
For I believe whoe'er is fair,
Has right in it to have a share;
And that vast debt ne'er could be paid,
If I with any one should long have staid.

Love too, being only a desire,
Fruition made it straight expire;
For no Man yet was ever known,
To long for that which is his own.
And though a Thousand I had loved,
Of which some kind, and some have cruel prov'd,
Yet when to cast up all I came,
I found these two were much the same,
To be deny'd, or to enjoy,
Famine or Surfeits do alike destroy.

But Reason having now regain'd
That Throne where Passion lately reign'd,
Those Beauties which did Charm
Now may delight but cannot harm.
My pleasure and revenge shall be
To be unmov'd for those were so for me.
To view as in a perfect Glass,
In others what a Fool I was.
For now Love's Veils are off, I see
Nothing so handsome is as Liberty,

Enter

Enter Thraſolin *haſtily.*

Thraſ. Muſt the impatient General attend,
Whilſt thus the Hours you riotouſly ſpend?
As ſoon as e're you from his Quarters went,
There came a Man diſguis'd into his Tent,
Who as 'tis ſaid did ſome Inſtructions bring
From *Mora*, ſtill rebellious to the King,
His Miſtreſs too lives there——
He pauſed a while, and then his Summons ſent,
That you ſhould all ſtrait meet him at his Tent.
Mon. If this be the Deſign, who ever goes
n hopes of Honour, will be ſure of Blows. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clorimon *and one of* Altemira's *Guard.*

Clor. Is there no *Mora* in this Iſle beſides,
But that where this bewitching Fair reſides?
Guard. None, Sir.
And there my deareſt Friend, and I of late
Have left unto our Charge the *Poſtern* Gate
Next to your Camp, where if you are inclin'd
T'attempt the place you may admittance find.
But, Sir, your Party muſt be very ſtrong,
For all who to our Garriſon belong
Are of the Rebel's force the very Flower,
Men from the whole Army pick'd by *Lycidor.*
When will you march, Sir?
Clor. I'll march even now.
Guard. The better, Sir, and now my Truth to ſhow,
I in your Hands an Hoſtage will remain,
Till my Companion doth that Truth ſuſtain.

Enter Thraſolin.

Clor. Command out ſtraight 5000 Men to go,
Where I their General their way will ſhow.
Men, who their Lives, their own will not eſteem,
When either Fame or I have need of them.
Let 'em be all in Arms by fall of Night,
The Glory of th' attempt ſhall be my Light.
Thraſ. Will you not, Sir, your Project pleaſe to tell?
Clor. It is on *Mora* where my Fate doth dwell.
Thraſ. That place, Sir, is Impregnable I fear.
Clor. Nothing is ſo but the bright Beauty there:

Oh!

Oh would to Heaven I only were suspected
Above all Fears in Love, as Fears in

Enter King *and* Gesippus.

Gesip. Sir, I am come to tell such
As in your Soul high Raptures will
Filladen has reduc'd within your
The Head of the Rebellion *Lycidor*
And *Memnor* too, they both by
Near to the Camp came out
Where the brave *Filladen* in
And made them both his
King. Oh my *Gesippus!* the Advice you
Makes me as much in Joy as Power a King.
For I must tell thee, *Lycidor* I hate
As highly on the Score of Love,
And sweet Revenge all Potentates
Is the most Noble Power attends the
But since I'm now possess'd of *Lycidor*
I will not my Revenge defer an Hour.
Therefore I'll have thee instantly be gone,
And carry my Commands to *Clarimon*,
Tell him that *Lycidor* without delay
Must with his Blood his past Crimes
Gesip. Sir, without doubt
Try all the Arts both of her Love and Skill
To make the General believe, he may
Nobler his Mistress than his King
Therefore whatever Orders, Sir,
Let them Evince your firm and
King. Let *Memnor* be
Depends upon his Sister's Love or Hate.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Altemira *and* Candace.

Cand. Your Tears I grant are just for *Lycidor*,
Since he is now within his Rival's Power.
But let this Thought your rising Griefs subdue,
As he's his Foe, so he's your Lover too.
And never any yet deserv'd that Name,
But thought Obedience made his highest Fame.
Alte. All that thou say'st can ne're my Fears remove,
I know the Tyrant's Cruelty and Love.

And though I know that *Clorimon* is brave,
Yet a lov'd Rival he will scarcely save.
All Orders from his Mistress he'll pursue,
But such as must bid Love and Hope adieu.
Cand. But by his Death his Hopes he must remove,
And when he kills his Rival, kills his Love.
He'll think it likelier granting your Desire,
He should gain that to which he doth aspire,
Than by denying you and killing him
T' attain your Love by such a double Crime.
Reason methinks the difference should teach,
That he should rather please you, than his Rival.
Alte. Oh my *Candace*! thou in this hast shown
The boundless Power of Love, thou ne're hast known.
Love is a Passion, and that's the Cause
'Twill not be rul'd by Reasons certain Laws.
Love is compos'd of Riddles and Excess,
Of't 'twill do more than Reason e'er can guess.
He that will freely Die at my Command
Will sometimes even floods of Tears withstand.
And firmly thinks he does more Love dispence
In his denial, than Obedience.
The Justice of those things, which I approve,
He measures not by Reason, but by Love.
This *Clorimon* will sadly let us see,
Who'll Ruin him, rather than part with me.
Cand. Ah Madam, think not a Stranger can
To Love, and only know him but in Name,
I burn, but dare not my fierce Flame disclose,
Love sure or none did e're inflict my Woes.
For the blest Causer of them, I am sure,
Should I reveal them, would deny their Cure.
Alte. May I not doubt, since Love with so much Power,
Invades your Heart, it burns for *Lycidor*.
Cand. Were I a Man, his Fate I must confess
I would Imbrace as my first Happiness.
And were I sure to have as large a part,
As *Lycidor* possesses of your Heart,
To make that Noblest Empire so much mine,
I think I should all other Aims decline.
Alte. This Answer Flatters so, it makes me sure
Of what I did but slightly doubt before.
Blush not that I to Light this Truth have brought,
Your Love is a Misfortune, not a Fault.
And how can I in you that Passion blame,
When I too burn in that resistless Flame!

Cand. Then all your doubts are over,
I own that *Lycidor* I do not love.
If you ask farther I must disobey,
Let me in silence mourn my Life away.
Alte. It were unkind to press you further now,
But tell me, pray, since to Love's Power you bow,
Wou'd you your Life to save your Lover give?
Cand. Wou'd I! Yes, far more willingly than live.
Alte. But cou'd ought make you e'er your hopes depose?
Cand. A hundred Lives I'd sooner lose, than those.
And though faint hopes are all I can call mine,
Yet for a World those hopes I'd not resign.
Alte. Judge then, *Candace*, by what now you say,
If *Clorimon* will my desires obey.
Cand. Permit me to say, Madam, 'tis a Crime
To think that any Passion equals mine;
In such a way Love does my Breast inspire,
That other Loves are Heat, but mine's a Fire.
But think on *Lycidor* ——

(Candace weeps.

How can you, Madam, thus contented be,
And all the Hopes of future Blessings quit?
Alte. I hop'd *Candace* from your Love to find,
Some Counsel which might ease my troubled Mind,
But since you do not any yet propose,
I'll tell you what as the least ill I've chose,
When once the Tyrant my Friend's Fate does hear,
He'll Sacrifice him to his Love and Fear.
Therefore I am resolved immediately,
Ere *Clorimon* has Orders he shall die,
To go to him in a disguise and prove
Which Passion greater is his hate or love.
Letters or Messages may fruitless be,
'Tis likelier what he'll grant he'll grant to me.
Cand. Madam, I'm much afraid that what you say
Is of all others the most hopeless way.
For whilst to *Lycidor* such Love you show,
You make but *Clorimon* the more your Foe.
'Twill rather hasten than prevent his Fate,
The more he sees you love the more he'll hate.
You put into his Power by what you do,
At once his Rival and his Mistress too.
And who wou'd not one faithless Act approve,
At once to satisfie Revenge and Love.

Alte. I hope he is too Generous and Just,
Or to betray, or to abuse a Truſt.

Cand. That *Clorimon* is generous is true,
But then remember he's a Lover too;
And where that Paſſion does the Empire get,
All things beſides muſt to its Power ſubmit.
If but in hopes to ſave your *Lycidor*
You put you ſelf within the Tyrant's Power,
His loſs to hinder you your ſelf may loſe.

Alte. He loſt, that's what I ſhould not fear but chuſe.

[A hot Alarm, one cries out.

Arm, Arm, the *Sally* Port is won,
And the fierce Enemy is in the Town.

Enter a Page *haſtily.*

Page. Fly, Madam, and the threatning Tempeſt ſhun,
The Town is now poſſeſt by *Clorimon.*
In vain the Soldiers have his Arms withſtood,
Dead Bodies Pave the Streets which ſwim in Blood.
Thouſands have from his Sword receiv'd their Fates,
And he's juſt entring even your Palace Gates.

Alte. Great Gods! what Sins are *Lycidor*'s and mine,
That make you to us both ſuch Fates aſſign!
But you are juſt, and therefore I'll not fear,
That you'll heap on us more than we can bear.

[A noiſe at the Door.

[Clorimon *ſpeaking to the Officers.*

Clor. Your Vallors Wages the whole Town ſhall be,
But here reſides ſhe that's ador'd by me.
Let no rude Foot preſume to enter here,
And let no dying Cries offend her Ear.

Enter Clorimon *with his Sword bloody.*

Clor. Pardon me, *Altemira*, that I dare
Before your Innocence Guilt's Livery wear.
Since Fate did me ſo long from you Divorce,
I was provok'd thus to make uſe of Force.
This Action you ſhould not condemn, but prize,
Since 'tis th' Effect of your Triumphant Eyes.

Alte. Add not so much I beg you to my Pain,
To make me Author of what I sustain.
Clor. Your Innocence all know is far above
The Reach or Power of Guilt, alas had my Love,
That fruitless Flame, which triumphs in this Breast,
Involv'd you in a Crime as high at least
As are those matchless Torments I endure,
While to the Wounds you make you give no Cure.
Alte. If I had been from all Offences free,
I had been now exempt from Misery.
Those Gods which we adore have yet ne'er sent
Their Punishments upon the Innocent.
But those sad Cries, which in my Ears still sound,
By Sympathy much more than Death do wound.
Clor. I have already Orders sent to sheath
The Soldiers Swords on pain of instant Death.
And to acquaint the Living, that they owe
Only to your Commands, their being so.
But, Madam, is it just that you should shed
Such precious Tears for those that are but dead,
Those which are kill'd are from all Ills releas'd,
And from their Troubles are redeem'd to Rest.
But my deep Miseries know no Reprieve,
A Thousand Deaths I die, and yet still live,
Alte. In common Sufferings there is some Relief
In Tears, the common Evidence of Grief.
But cou'd you scan my inward Thoughts, you'd find
Your Sufferings have the Weepings of my Mind.
Which rather should induce you to deplore
What now I bear, than load me still with more.
Clor. Yet, Madam, Love still takes delight to give,
By open Actings proves that it does live.
That is weak Love, by all 'twill be confest,
Which can confine it self within the Breast,
And ever in Surprizes is so awed,
The Coward is afraid to look abroad.
Alte. Were Love corporeal, doubtless then the Breast
Wou'd be too small to lodge so great a Guest.
Acting is not its Nature all agree,
Oft it is Choice, oft 'tis Necessity.
That Friendship I on *Clorimon* bestow
Is as near Love, as ought that is not so.
And that it is not Love I had not known
But that my Heart I can give but to one.

Clor. Cruel as fair my Flame thus to deride
For cou'd you have found out no way beſides
To tell me how much you on me beſtow,
But how much more 'tis you have given my Foe?
Spite of your Scorn your Beauties Shadow
'Tis paſt my Power to love you leſs or more,
But from your vaſt Diſdain this Cooch I'll take,
Fully to prove my Love is more than yours;
I'll court you ſo, that I at length will prove,
You're mine by Right, and only his by Love.

Enter Thraſolin.

Thraſ. Geſippus, Sir, with Orders is arriv'd.
Clor. Geſippus come! What Ills has Fate contriv'd!
Thraſ. His Orders were of that Import, he ſaid,
'Twere fit they ſhould this Moment be obey'd.
Alte. Alas! your Vertue only can controul
Thoſe Fears his coming gives my frighted Soul.
Clor. Fair *Altimera*, ſilence all your Fear,
'Tis I am yours, not you my Priſoner.
And where I bear Command, you have more Power
Than were you in the Camp of *Lycidor*.

[*Exeunt* Clorimon *and* Thraſolin.

Alte. Nothing ſo ſoon cou'd bring *Geſippus* here,
But to Act that which more than Death I fear.
Uſe all Ways, my *Candace*, to find out
If that is Certainty, which yet is doubt.
Thoſe Plagues, which Fortune on my Love has thrown,
Give me not Leiſure to deplore my own. [*Exeunt.*

The end of the Second ACT.

ACT the Third.

Enter Filladen, Cratanor, *and* Monaſin, *at one Door, and* Thraſolin *at the other.*

Thraſ. Your Soldiers draw under their Colours ſtrait,
And poſt a Hundred more at every Gate.
Then let a Guard be of a Thouſand made,
Which you Three ſhall command at the Parade.

Lycidor

Lycidor from the Camp is hither led,
And by the King's Command must lose his Head
Gessippus in this Garison has sway
To see those Orders instantly obey'd.
Crata. Brave News! This Deed cuts off all hopes of Peace.
Mona. I rather fear 'twill make the difference cease.
Filla. If thou think'st so, set him at liberty;
'Tis better he should live, than our Trade die.
Thras. *Candace* now from *Alcmira* came,
And begg'd our General, in her Lady's name,
That he himself would take the pains to come
And speak with her before the fatal Blow.
This with a Lover's duty he obeys,
But all that she can say will not persuade.
Crata. Who dares a Rebel be, and then dare yield,
Deserves a So fold Death, and not a shield.
Thras. Let each of you straight to his charge be gone,
For *Lycidor* e'er this is near the Town,
And e'er our General to his Mistress went,
The Orders for his Death to me were sent. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Alcemira.

Alte. Great Gods! Is faithful Passion an Offence?
Can you to Lovers thus your Plagues dispence?
But if my constancy provoke your hate,
I will indure but not deplore my Fate.

Enter Clorimon.

Alte. Fate kindly has design'd you now should show,
You're still to honours Enemies a Foe.
For by your Kings insatiate cruelty,
I hear that *Lycidor*'s condemn'd to die.
But, *Clorimon*, it's much a nobler thing
To save that Rival, than obey that King.
My Life with *Lycidor*'s is strictly bound,
And to end both you need but give one Wound.
No future Nuptial Ties can bind me more
Then sacred Inclination has before.
And if to *Lycidor* I prove untrue,
By that I should become unworthy you.
Clor. Ah, Madam, could you no way else have found
But by my virtue thus my Love to wound?
But since to that you will so cruel prove;
My virtue I'll renounce, and keep my Love.

Alte.

Alte. Who but by virtue does to Love pretend,
Forſakes the way, and yet purſues the end.
Clor. And you would have me now, by what you ſay,
Forſake the End, and yet purſue the way.
To miſs the purchaſe, and yet pay the price,
Makes Virtue more unfortunate, than wiſe.
Is't not enough my Rival muſt have You,
But you will make me help him to you too?
Alte. Your Virtue is ſo Eminent and Clear,
That common Acts below it would appear.
To any other I'd conceal my fire,
Since owning it might hinder my deſire.
But while high things I would have you believe,
I ſcorn to ſeek them in a way that's low.
If my requeſt you grant, and know my flame,
'Twill add a greater Luſtre to your Fame.
This way, in which I aſk a Gift ſo great,
Helps me to Pay, as to contract the Debt.
Clor. You make my Virtue great that it may prove
A ſurer way but to deſtroy my Love.
I'll mourn I grant not that for which you preſs,
More to Obey you were to Love you leſs.
Who can ſee Beauties that ſo brightly ſhine,
And to a Rival all his hopes reſign?
Conceal your Eyes whilſt you ſuch Grants purſue,
Thoſe Plead for me, more than your Prayers for you.
To prove you in the Wrong, me in the Right,
No Judge needs more but not to want his ſight.
Alte. If my mean Beauty be eſteem'd by you,
And you would me preſerve, preſerve him too.
For it muſt ſtill be his, I'll not deny,
For him it lives, and with him it muſt die.
Clor. In Rivalſhip two Paſſions only move,
That great one of Revenge, that greater Love.
And, Madam, if you make me ſo Accurſt
As to deny the laſt, I'll take the firſt.
Alte. But if to my Affection you pretend,
This is the certain way to miſs your End.
Clor. A double ruin you on me would bring,
To loſe at once my Miſtreſs and my King.
Alte. The King through *Lycidor* does me Aſſault,
Make me his puniſhment, ſince I'm his fault.
Since againſt honour I'll not Act a Crime,
To be reveng'd on me he'll Ruin him.
O do not act a Sin will let me ſee
Your hate for him tranſcends your Love for me.

Clor.

Clor. How can I pity such a Man's Estate,
With whom *I* willingly would change my Fate!
What greater Joy can he beg from above
Than while he's here below to have your Love!

Enter Page *Hastily.*

Page. If *Lycidor's* Reprieve be'nt sent him now,
'Twill come too late to stop the fatal Blow!
For he this moment to the Scaffold's led,
And in few Minutes more must lose his Head.
Alte. O *Clorimon*, if this poor Life you prize,
Show it, Oh! Show it in preserving his.
Look on these Tears a while, then I'll retire,
And leave you to what virtue shall inspire.
But be assur'd of this, that very Breath
Which tells me my Love's Dead, will cause my Death.

[*Exeunt* Alte. *and* Candace.

Clor. to the *Page.* Go, stop the Execution till *I* come. [*Exit* Page.
What a fierce War is in this narrow Room!
My Duty to my Soveraign makes it fit
He die, and my Revenge too joins with it.
And above all Revenges, That in Love
Does the most just and the most pleasing prove.
But yet my Duty, nor Revenge must stand
In Competition with her least Command.
She never shall in me have cause to blame
But the aspiring of a hopeless Flame.
I'll save my Rival, and make her Confess
'Tis *I* Deserve what he does but Possess. [*Exit.*

Enter Altemira *with a Dagger.*

Alte. If my *Candace* brings me not Relief
This friendly Steel shall end my Life and Grief.
Death, which poor Mortals in such awe does keep,
Can only hold us in Eternal Sleep.
And if a Life after this Life remains,
To Lovers sure belong the happy Plains.
In those bless'd Fields I'll pass the endless Hours,
And him I Crown with Love, I Crown with Flowers
The Gods from that blest Place have banish'd far
Not only the Effects, but cause of War.
And thither never any Tyrant came,
A chaste and happy Love is there the same.

Yet our Prieſts ſay, they who themſelves Deſtroy
Shall never ſuch a happy Place enjoy.
But doubtleſs 'tis the Gods that call us hence,
When they to us Ills worſe than Death diſpence.
For ſure their Glorious Juſtice 'twere beneath
To make Life Odious, and then punish Death.
My roving Fancy ſure deludes my Eyes,
Or I behold my Love aſcend the Skies.
His Spirit, from the Clogs of Fleſh ſet free,
Invites me now to Immortality.
Methinks I ſee him in thoſe Shades of Reſt,
And as much Monarch there, as in my Breaſt;
My tortur'd Soul does with Impatience ſtay,
And longs to follow where he leads the way.

Enter Candace *haſtily.*

Cand. Your Orders, Madam, have a boundleſs Power,
For they have now preſerv'd your *Lyſidor.*
The Blow was falling juſt as *Clorimon*
Appear'd, and ſtay'd the Execution.
Geſippus cry'd he in this Crime was loſt,
And then for *Leptis* inſtantly took Poſt.

Enter Clorimon.

Alte. Sir, in this noble Action you have ſhown
Your Foes you can ſubdue more ways than one.
And I muſt ſtill——

[Clorimon *interrupts her.*

Clor. Whatever I for *Altemira* do
Is in it ſelf reward, and duty too.
I come more Proofs of this to let you ſee,
And not to hear from you my Elogy.
Fearing *Geſſippus* words will take ſuch Place,
The King would me immediately Diſgrace:
And for my Rival's Death would Orders give,
So that *I* ſhould not ſave him, but reprieve:
And dreading what the Tyrant's Rage might do,
I've given him Liberty, and *Memnor* too.
All that *I* thought you wiſh'd, *I* have made good,
One to your Love *I* gave, one to your Blood.
Alte. Honour it ſelf could not more nobly do,
Than ſave ſuch Foes, and give them Freedom too.
Yet this great Good involves me in this Ill,
I muſt, *I* muſt remain ungrateful ſtill.

That

That kindneſs which for *Lycidor* I have,
And which can never ceaſe but in the Grave.
In this high Action you Revenge much more,
Than had you kill'd both me and *Lycidor*.
For all who ſet on Virtue a juſt rate,
Ingratitude much more than Death muſt hate.
But, noble *Clorimon*, why have you took
A Courſe, which further muſt the King provoke?
You might with privacy have let them go,
And with your ſafety kept your Favour too.

Clor. Honour and Love my Actions ſtill ſhall guide,
What's Duty to obey is Sin to hide.
I'll make it to the World and you appear,
To ſerve you is my Glory not my Fear.
I know the worſt, I can retire once more,
And wait till *Mellizer* the Gods reſtore,
Whoſe Virtues are ſo great, whoſe Right ſo good,
He ſhould be King by Choice as well as Blood.

Alte. Since you theſe Truths ſo fully underſtand,
And ſince a Conquering Army you Command.
Why won't you at the Head of that appear,
To ſave your ſelf and ſettle *Mellizer*?
If to perform theſe Duties you think fit,
Memnor and *Lycidor* ſhall join in it.

Clor. Juſtice her ſelf would bluſh, ſhould ſhe receive
A right, which Treachery alone muſt give.
And Virtuous *Mellizer* wou'd bluſh to own,
To falſhood his Poſſeſſion of the Throne.
Diſgrace I fear leſs, than to be unjuſt;
'Tis baſe to take and then betray a Truſt.
Though I my Power and *Mellizer* eſteem,
Yet I love Honour more than Power or him.
Next to your Favour, which I covet moſt,
Is to reſtore to him the Crown he has loſt.
But as my Caſe is all brave Men will own,
'Tis Sin to talk of't, till to do't 'tis none.

Alte. What I propos'd I cannot but recant,
And to deny is nobler than to grant.
Preſerve your Power, that *Mellizer* you may
In a fit Seaſon ſerve in Honours way.

Clor. When I with Honour may his Title own,
Unask'd I'll ſtrive to Seat him on the Throne.
But, Madam, to the King I ſtraight muſt go,
And try at leaſt to ſtop my overthrow.
Geſſippus's Power and Fury are ſo great,
'Tis I if any can his Arts defeat.

Alte. Go, noble *Clorimon*, and may you there
Meet with ſucceſs, which may remove your fear.
May the Gods pay you all you do for me,
And may your Joys vaſt as your Virtues be.
Clor. You cannot ask more Joys for me, you know,
Than of your ſelf you can on me beſtow.
[*Exeunt* Clorimon *and* Altemira.
Cand. Ye high reſiſtleſs Powers of Love and Fate,
Why do you ſhow at once your ſmiles and hate?
By ſtrange Events you raiſe my hopes, and then
By ſtranger far you caſt them down again. [*Exit.*

Enter King *and* Geſippus.

King. His getting *Altemira* in my Power,
Out-weighs not what he did for *Lycidar*.
To ſave that Rebel, and then ſet him free,
Told you him all you had in charge from me?
Geſſ. I did, Sir, and with repetition ſaid,
He would be ruin'd, if he diſobey'd.
King. His folly never flew ſo high before.
Geſſ. He durſt not do ſo much, and not do more.
'Tis plain ſince he refuſes your Command,
He has ſome greater wickedneſs in Hand.
And I'm afraid thoſe whom he has ſet free,
Have with him join'd in ſome Conſpiracy.
King. His Crimes make him unfit to keep his place,
But I know he'll not Act what's falſe and baſe.
That Pride, which made him do what he has done,
Will make him low and treacherous Actions ſhun.
Geſſ. Your Indolence your Ruin now muſt be,
And ſoon you'll feel the Miſchiefs I foreſee.

Enter Captain of the Guards haſtily.

Capt. The General, Sir, is come. [*Pauſes and then ſpeaks.*
King. Keep him in talk, while I two Minutes gain
To order my deſigns, then bring him in. [*Exit. Capt.*
I muſt get *Altemira* in my Power,
And you muſt ſtraight to *Mora*'s Governor.
Tell him, if he his King does love or fear,
He muſt this Night bring *Altemira* here.
But tell the Slave, if he dares diſobey,
His General's Life ſhall his refuſal pay.
But if he bring her, I on him will ſhower
All he can wiſh of Honour, Wealth and Power.

Give

Give him this Ring, which yet I never ſent,
But Death ſtill pay'd the Diſobedient.
Shew, my *Geſippus*, in the haſte you make,
What intereſt you in my Contentment take.
Bid all my Guards attend——

Exeunt, Geſip.

King. You ſacred Powers, to whom my Honours known,
Can tell that chiefly I uſurped the Crown,
My Arbitrary Power in Love to ſhow,
And make the ſtubborn *Altimera* bow.
And 'twere againſt your own Eternal Laws,
To puniſh thoſe Effects your ſelves did cauſe.

Enter Clorimon *and Captain of the Guard.*

King to *Clorimon.* You have ſo long in Armies held the Sway,
That you have quite forgot how to obey,
When *Lycidor* I had condemn'd to die,
You ſav'd his Life, then gave him Liberty.
Clor. I never had the Happy Means before,
Since I fair *Altemira* did adore.
But in my tedious Sufferings to prove
The Clearneſs and the Greatneſs of my Love.
This War will daily new Occaſion bring,
To ſhew how I delight to ſerve my King.
But if I had denied her firſt Requeſt,
I with a ſecond never had been bleſt.
King. It's now no wonder you have diſobey'd
One, who you think can with ſuch Words be paid.
No, no, you only ſtop'd the fatal Blow,
Left the ſame Stroke had finiſh'd the War too.
And then the Ground of all your Pride will ceaſe,
Which you more value than your Country's Peace.
Clor. 'Tis hard that he who in Retreat cou'd dwell,
And only to obey you left his Cell,
Shou'd now have that Obedience term'd his Pride,
Which had been judg'd Rebellion if deny'd.
My Country's Peace I think the higheſt Good,
And to reſtore it have not ſpared my Blood.
King. Can I on you rely when you decline
What is as much your Intereſt as mine?
Clor. What in this Act but Love could be my End,
Which did my Rival ſave, my King offend?
King. I doubt it will too evidently prove,
That is your Treachery you call your Love.

My

Clor. My Treachery! durſt any but my King
Such an Aſperſion on my Honour fling!
Though Armies to ſecure him had combin'd,
Yet through them all this Sword a Way would find.
This Sword, on which Succeſs does ſtill attend,
And to inthrone you was your powerfull'ſt Friend.

King. Were all thoſe Duties thou to me did'ſt pay
Put in one Scale, this Crime would all outweigh.

Clor. Why do the Gods give only him the Will
To wrong me, whom I only dare not kill
If ever I a treacherous Act have done,
'Tis to that treach'rous Act you owe your Crown. [*The King looks angry.*
Fright Women with your Menaces, but I
Will loſe my Head, e'er a Truth told deny.

King. You think you're in your mutinous Army now,
But you are in my Power I'll make you know.

Clor. If in your Power I am, then learn from thence
That I depended on my Innocence.
The Folly had ſurpaſs'd the fancied Sin,
To yield my ſelf, if I had guilty been.

King. The Gods by this foreſhew thy loſt Eſtate,
Thoſe they deſtroy they firſt infatuate.
Diſarm the Traitor Guards———

Clor. Ungrateful Prince!
Who is it now your Rebels ſhall withſtand,
That Sword will fright 'em in no other Hand.

King. Rage has tranſported thee to that degree,
Thou haſt forgot my Guards have ſeiz'd on thee.

Clor. Did I not more your Name than Guards eſteem,
I'd make you tremble in the midſt of them,
Your Numbers make you ſafe in what you do,
Yet if I pleaſe know I have Numbers too.
Tyrants to merit never pay Regard,
But puniſh worth that is above Reward.

King. To the black Tower let him forthwith be led,
Whence none comes out, unleſs to loſe their Head.
Let him with no Man ſpeak, nor ſee the Day,
If he eſcape, thy Life for his ſhall pay.

[*Exeunt Guards with* Clor. [*Exit* King.

Enter Thraſolin, Monaſin, *and* Cratanor.

Thraſ. Bravely reſolv'd! but let no time be loſt,
Let every Soldier haſten to his Poſt.

You

You two ſhall in diſguiſe to *Eupolis* go,
Thence let me hourly all that paſſes know.
I fear the Generals open Nature may
By the King's Arts his Innocence betray.
Mon. If the Uſurper's fury ſhould grow high,
We have not yet forgot to Mutiny.
And rather than the General's loſs endure,
For our laſt Ill we'll practice our firſt Cure.

Enter King *and* Geſſippus.

Geſſ. To *Filladen* with your command I flew,
And told him all I had in charge from you.
I promis'd much, I threaten'd more, all prov'd
But vain, whate'er I ſaid he ſtood unmov'd.
I went to *Altemira* then to try
Whether her fears would ſhake her conſtancy.
I told her nothing *Clorimon* could Save,
Unleſs ſhe would her ſelf his pardon Crave.
In ſhort, I made her ſo much danger ſee,
At laſt ſhe yielded to come here with me.
And *Filladen* to this at length agreed,
When I had vow'd t'wou'd ſave his General's Head.
But leſt they might repent, that very Hour
I brought her thence, and now ſhe's in your Power.
King. Though by thy friendſhip I enjoy my Crown,
This ſervice yet tranſcends all thou haſt done.
Life, Empire, and all Bleſſings elſe muſt prove,
Below the vaſt Importance of my Love.
Wait on her hither ſtraight, whilſt I reflect
What raptures Love will give, what Griefs neglect.

[*Exit* Geſſippus.

This Heart the fear of Death could ne'er invade,
Now trembles to behold that conquering Maid.

Enter Geſſippus, Altemira, *and* Candace.

What glorious Beams do thoſe bright Eyes diſplay!
Beams, which tranſcend the Planet rules the Day!
Her Eyes at once, like that refulgent Light,
~~Inſpire with Heat, and dazzle my weak Sight.~~
know not ſince with ſuch new Charms they ſtrike
Whether your Beauties I more fear, or like.

Who can enough Loves boundleſs Power admire,
Which thus turns Ages Aſhes into Fire!
Forgive me, Madam, that I take delight
In Raptures, I'm inſpir'd with by your Sight.
But ſince by Toils this Day you are oppreſs'd,
Permit me now to lead you to your reſt.

Alte. Sir, I've been told but ſince I reach'd this Place,
That the brave *Clorimon* is in Diſgrace.
Since 'twas my Tears made him his fault commit,
I hope thoſe Tears may your forgiveneſs get. [*Weeps.*
But of my reſt I ne'er can have one thought,
Whilſt he's decreed to ſuffer for my fault.
Upon my Knees, great Sir, I humbly Crave
[*She Kneels*
That you at leaſt his noble Life will ſave.

King. Fair *Altemira*, riſe, this muſt not be;
'Tis *I* ſhould Kneel to you, not you to me.
But could you have found out no way beſide
This, my entire Obedience to have try'd.

Alte. If you deny my firſt and only ſute,
My Knees ſhall never riſe, but here take Root.
[*She Kneels.*

King. I cannot *Altemira*'s Tears withſtand,
Madam, his Life *I* give to your Command.

Alte. 'Tis nobler far to ſpare than to ſhed Blood,
No Title Sounds ſo great as that of Good.

King. Since to ſhun Mercy you eſteem a Fault,
Oh! Practice ſtill that Virtue you have taught.
And ſince I've ſav'd a Rebel at your Prayer,
Let not a King that Worſhips you deſpair.
I muſt his Perſon for a while confine,
'Tis for my Rival's ſafety, as for mine.

Alte. His freedom I will hope for in ſome time,
Now to beg more you might eſteem a Crime.
[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

Enter King and Geſſippus, *Guards, Attendants.*

King. OH Friend! I now feel Loves true Fire's within,
That is turn'd Vertue, which at firſt was Sin.
Such Charms in honour ſhe to me hath ſhown,
That Vertue's brighter now than Beauty grown.
She that in me ſo great a change has bred,
As a reward deſerves to ſhare my Bed.
Think not th' unequal ſtate ſhall me diſſwade,
Cuſtom not Reaſon has that diſtance made.
Worſe than a Subjects caſe a King's would prove,
If he muſt Wed by rules of State, not Love.

Geſſ. I hope this Paſſion makes you not forget
That Marriage, which in *Naples* now you treat.
This *Altemera* which makes all our ſtrife,
Is fitter for your Miſtreſs than your Wife.
Kings are above account for all they do,
But where in Marriage they themſelves beſtow,
Subjects in that ſtill on their Rights have ſtood,
Their Prince on both ſides ſhou'd have Royal Blood.

King. What peeviſh ſenſleſs Cuſtoms Princes ſway?
I'll break 'em all that my Example may
Teach Kings in Love to give Rules, not obey.
My Equal I muſt chuſe! Why all Men know
'Tis greatter far to make, than find her ſo.

Geſſ. Oh! wrong not thus the Glory of your Name,
Nor to your Pleaſure Sacrifice your Fame.
Laura ſole Daughter to the Neighbouring King,
Will to you as a Dower that Kingdom bring.

King. Loves noble Flames in great Mnids ſo prevail,
In Beauty's choice Crowns ſhou'd not turn the Scale
That Monarch doubtleſs muſt his Reaſon looſe,
Who to fly fanc'd Ills does actnal chuſe.
Who'l blame me that my caſe will rightly ſtate,
Sure Love than Title bears an elder date.
Love is great Natures Firſt and Nobleſt Law,
And doth at once with Force and Pleaſure draw.

Geſſ. This pretty reaſoning that you ſo eſteem,
Is only I'me afraid a flattering Dream.

Reflect, Sir, at this time to keep your Throne,
You need your Neighbours Armies and your own.
For from the Rebels Mouths you'l nothing hear,
But that your Crimes alone have plac'd you there.

King. Whatever Crimes are acted for a Crown,
The Gods forgive when once that Crown's put on.
To their high Juſtice 'twere a diſrepect,
To fear what they create they will neglect.
Such Charms her Love will to my Arms diſpence,
No Forces ſhall withſtand their Influence.
The Rebels knew I'de force, and ſhe'd deny,
That only made them to Rebellion fly.
And if her only for my Queen I woe,
I end my Troubles and my Kingdoms too.

Geſſ. What you deſign, I doubt, is likelier far
To raiſe a Foreign, than end a Civil War:
But what I ſay'd my Duty made me ſay,
Since you are fixt 'tis Duty to obey.

King. Spoke like a faithful Servant; come let's go,
And on this noble change her Pleaſure know.
I cannot think I ſhall ſucceſsleſs prove,
When I a Crown preſent, and Vertuous Love, [*Exeunt.*

Enter Candace.

Can. Dear ſilent Grove! to whom I now have ſhown
That flame, which its great Cauſer ne're has known.
To whoſe ſtrict ſecrecy I now commit
That, which to tell my ſelf I ſcarce thought fit.
Whoſe pleaſing Shade wou'd a refreſhment prove
In any other heat, but that of Love.
Between my Rivals I ſuch Lies have thrown,
They my Revenge muſt act, or not their own.
E're Love in me his Empire did begin,
My ſpotleſs Soul wou'd tremble at a Sin.
But now I can with blackeſt Crimes diſpence,
Cuſtom in ſinning takes away the ſence.
The fear of endleſs Flames I am above,
Or think thoſe Flames are leſs than mine in Love.
Blind God what is it that thou mak'ſt me do,
Thou that my Sins doſt cauſe, forgive them too,
[Candace *lies down,*

Song, Done from *Anacreon,* by the Honourable *C. B.* Eſq.

WHilſt Cupid *roguiſhly one Day*
Had all alone ſtole out to play.
The Muſes caught the little knave,
And Captive Love to Beauty gave.

The

The laughing Dame soon miss her Son,
And here and there distracted run,
And still his Liberty to gain,
Offer'd his Ransom but in vain.
The willing Prisoner hugs his Chain,
And vows he'l n'er be free again.

Enter King and Gessippus.

King. Never was yet such an Aversion seen,
To shun a Monarchs Bed, refuse to be a Queen!
She shall not unreveng'd my Love deride,
Force shall take that which is to Love deny'd.
By all the Gods no longer I'le decline
The only way is left to make her mine.

Gess. VVhilst you to her your last resolve made known,
I won *Candace* to come here alone.
And have, Sir, so prepar'd her, that a word,
Will make her both Advice and Help afford.
VVhich is so powerful, you soon may find
That ease is needful to your troubled Mind.

King. Retire a while, and I her Faith will try, [*Exit.* Gess.
VVhat e're may help my Love I'le not deny.
Lovely *Candace*, 'tis in your power now
To serve at once your King and Mistress too.
My early Love for her to you is known,
VVhich was all foul, all brutal I must own.
But when I had by powerful tryal found
She was with Vertue's as with Beauty's Crown'd,
All my loose thoughts entirely to repair,
I beg'd her in my lawful Bed to share.
Yet *Altemera* still is so unjust,
She hates my vertuous Love as well as Lust.
But think, oh think, what 'tis in Love to burn,
And then to meet with such a cold return.
I can no longer suffer such neglect,
The cause at least's as bad as the effect.
By Heaven she never shall be *Lycidors*,
You know her softer and more yielding hours.
In those if you your Interest so improve,
That she vouchsafe t' accept my Vertuous Love,
Possess my Favour in the first degree,
My Kingdoms Riches you shall share with me.

Can. This trust more than your promise you regard,
To serve my King is Duty and Reward.
To help that vertuous Love you, now pursue,
Is what I owe to her, as well as you.

I know she'l rather far resign her Life,
Than not be *Lycidor's* unspotted VVife.
The fear of Death is not in her above
The Constancy and Glory of her Love.
But I must tell you, Sir, with the same Breath,
She fears the loss of Honour more than Death.
VVhich I advise you, Sir, to threaten so,
That Fear may do what nothing else can do.
If by this Stratagem you can't prevail,
All other ways you take I know will fail.

King. That, fair *Candace*, which you now propose,
Is that which, e're you spoke, as best I chose,
Tell her, if still she her Resolves pursue,
VVhat now I threaten, I this Night will do.

Can. VVhatever you command, I will obey.
But e're I go permit me, Sir, to say,
In her a greater Terror to beget
Your Guards should her Apartment round beset.

King. It shall be done——
By all the Gods e're two hours more are spent,
She shall be mine by force, or by consent. [*Exit.* Candace.

Enter Gessippus.

Thy Counsel, Friend, met with the wish'd event.
Candace is become my Confident.
And she advises, as my only Course,
That I will threaten to make use of Force.
My Flame and her Disdain such Torments prove,
I'le loose my Life or gratifie my Love.

Gess. If you resolve to Act what you have said,
You must in prudence take the General's Head.

King. Yes, he shall die, That promise I let fall,
Her Tears did force and 'twas Conditional.
If I by force my end in Love must win,
I must secure that Blessing by this Sin.
My Guards forthwith about her Lodging send,
Take from her all things which her Life may end.
I know not what Dispair may make her do,
She who can slight a Crown, will slight Life too. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Altemera* and *Candace.*

Cand. Dispair and Lust are stampt so in his Eyes,
He'l all that you or Honour urge despise.
His Guards h' has plac'd about your Lodgings now,
This is your case, resolve what you will do.

Alte. Ye Gods, that should protect the Innocent,
Why are these Plagues to *Altemera* sent?
Men will believe, if this you let him do,
My Vertue, not my Sins, you punish now.

T' avoid

T' avoid him I'le disguise my self and fly.
Cand. All hopes of flight his careful Spies deny.
There's but one way to which you now can trust,
When he comes here loaden with Rage and Lust,
By a bold stroke your just Revenge begin,
Make him the Sacrifice, that is the Sin.
Alte. What you propose to free me from Distress,
Is by a greater ill to shun a less.
Nothing to such a Crime my will can bring,
Though he a Tyrant is, he is a King.
And though those ways which made him so I blame,
Yet I must always reverence that Name.
Cand. What you decline, give me your leave to do.
Alte. Who to a Sin consents is guilty too.
Cand. Your Honour then you'l give up to his will.
Alte. No, my *Cadace*, I'le preserve that still.
If while I'm Innocent the Gods design
To act my ruin, 'tis their fault not mine.
And such I always shall to them appear,
If I my Honour to my Life prefer.
When in such streights I by the Gods am plac'd,
I'le rather cease to live, than not live Chast.
I'le save my Honour though at that great price,
Your help I now desire, not your advice.
For when I had refus'd to be his Wife,
He forc'd from me all might destroy my Life.
Some Arms or Poison hasten to procure,
My Life to finish and my Fame secure.
Cand. Think, Madam, on the horror of the Grave.
Alte. I'le only think my Honour how to save.
Cand. I can with joy for you my own Life loose,
But to procure your Death I must refuse.
Alte. Your kindness will my greatest torment prove.
Oh love me not more than my self I love.
By my worst Foes I should be better us'd, [*She kneels and weeps.*
I am not wont to beg and be refus'd.
Cand. I will obey, tho' with a bleeding Heart;
But in the Grave from you I will not part.
Alte. Oh my *Candace!* in those Words I find
That which is Cruel, tho' you think it kind.
My you in Life, dear Friend, still happy prove
And as much blest as I am curst in Love.
Alte. Go, whilst you fetch what will my Life destroy,
I'le fit my self to welcome Death with Joy. [*Ex.* Altemera.
Cand. Now my designs I think so well are laid,
That they by Fortune cannot be betray'd,
But if to prosper them the Gods refuse,

When

When I have loſt my hopes, my life I'le looſe,
Who waits there—— [Enter Page.]
Page, your old diſguiſe put on,
And then to *Lycidor* you muſt be gone.
Tell him, this Night the King is fully bent
To act his hopes by force, or by conſent,
His courtſhip hitherto has fruitleſs been,
Though he has Courted her to be his Queen;
Therefore he muſt without the leaſt delay,
By art or force this Night take her away [Exeunt]

Enter Lycidor *ſolus.*

Lycid. Fortune in vexing me ſure takes delight,
We dare be Rebels, and yet dare not fight,
A fitter time our wiſhes could not grant,
Their General the Tyrants Camp does want,
Which has incens'd them too to ſuch a height,
They rather againſt him then us wou'd fight.
Did ever yet ſuch cauſes Armies part?
Th' Uſurper's wants a head, and ours a heart.
One Field wou'd to the War a Period give,
And make me happy, or elſe ceaſe to live,
Did we as Men of Brain, or Heart wou'd do,
To attempt Glory were to win it too?
But we are fix't to wait for our Supplies,
Cowards we will be known, to be thought wiſe.
The Tyrant's luſt and power ſo boundleſs are,
They'l act what I till now oppos'd by War.
I'le therefore go to *Leptis* in diſguiſe,
I cannot live thus baniſh'd from her Eyes.
I may Corrupt, or may her Guards deceive,
Nothing to ſave her uneſſay'd I'le leave. [Exit.]

Enter Altemera *alone.*

Alte, Death is a debt which we to Nature owe,
Honour and Love call me to pay it now.
The ſhortneſs of my Life I cannot blame,
Death is repair'd by dying with ſuch fame
Thoſe ſure with better Stars than I are bleſt,
Who will not change Lifes troubles for Death's reſt.
Yet ſome a Life after this Life diſtruſt,
And think that Death makes us perpetual Duſt,
That ſhou'd not, were it true, my Death retard,
Vertue ſhines moſt when 'tis without reward.
They only whoon Earth indulge their Sence,
To Joys of endleſs Life have no pretence:
Annihilation; when this Life's expired,
Is not believ'd by Sinners, but deſired.
Thoſe Gods who bid us vertue ſtill purſue,
If we Obey them, will reward us too.

Enter

Enter Candace, *with a ſmall Glaſs in her hand.*

Cand. Madam, I hope by this you'l underſtand,
I can obey what ever you Command,
But Oh,——
Alte. *interrupts her*] Oh, my *Candace*, 'twere the higheſt ſpight,
To make me periſh in my harbours ſight.
Show me the truth of what you ſtill profeſs'd,
In not denying me my laſt requeſt.
Cand. Your eager Prayers I can no more withſtand,
Thus I obey your fatal ſad Command.
Candace *on her Knees gives her the Glaſs.*
Alte. With Joy this happy preſent I receive,
By giving this much more then Life you give.
Altemera *takes the Glaſs.*
Go to my *Lycidor* when I am dead,
And tell him all that I have done and ſaid.
It even clouds thoſe Joys to which I fly,
Not to be there bleſt with his Company.
I fear not now the Tyrants art or power,
This will evince my truth to *Lycidor.*
Tell him you did his *Altemera* ſee
Undauntedly drink Immortality.
She drinks of the Poiſon in the Glaſs.
It's done, It's done, and ſince 'tis paſt recall,
This Poiſon is become my Cordial:
Methinks the Gods to favour me begin,
For as the Tyrant thinks my vertue Sin,
So thoſe juſt Powers mov'd with my matchleſs grief,
In that which is Deſtruction and Relief.
Thy killing Sorrows, my dear Friend, decline, [Condace *ſighs and weeps.*
Add not to my own griefs the weight of thine.
Cand. Ah, Madam, 'tis but juſt you ſhou'd Conſent
I mourn that loſs my Prayers cou'd not prevent,
Alte. Since you want power your Sorrows to reſtrain,
And to behold them, but augments my pain,
I'le now retire.
But let me know when the Uſurper's come.
For I reſolve to meet him, and declare
How vaſt my wrongs and his injuſtice are.
Perhrps my dying words may wound his Ear,
Who fears not Death has nothing elſe to fear. [*Exit.* Alte.]
Canda. What fatal orders ſtill on me you lay,
But yet what you Command I muſt Obey. [*Exit.* Alte.].

Enter King.

King. This is that glorious Night, in which my flame,
Which hitherto my torment ſtill became,
Shall light me now to Joys, which are more high,
Than hitherto hath been my Miſery

Conceive

Conceive the Sin thou fear'ſt is not ſo great,
As are the Joys attend the acting it.
Thoſe very Gods, which awe thee ſo, have done
That which thy fearfulneſs wou'd make Thee Shun.
Love is by all the Gods a God allow'd,
And to his power they every one have bow'd,
Tho' yet no God ſo fierce a flame e're felt,
As that which rather triumph'd here then dwelt.

Enter Altemera *and* Candace.

Ha, *Altemera* comes to meet me now.
I thought her fear her Conſtancy wou'd bow.
Madam, I hope you're come with that intent
To let me ſee your Coldneſs you repent.

Alte. No, Sir I now am come in hopes to win
Your Soul to ſee, and to abhor your Sin.
What can you by luſts empty pleaſure gain,
When that muſt puniſh'd be with endleſs pain?
That power, which by the Gods to you is lent,
Is to protect, not wrong the Innocent.
You think you wrong but me in what you do,
But who wrongs Vertue injures heaven too,
Therefore by all the Gods your Sin decline,
I ask it, Sir, more for your ſake then mine.

King, Of granting ſuch a ſute you muſt deſpair,
Your Beauty is more powerful than your Prayer,
To ſlight my Vertuous Love is worſe in you,
Than that foul Crime you now conſtrain me to,

Alte. How can that, Sir, a Vertuous paſſion be,
Which wou'd pervert or puniſh Conſtancy.

King. Who to a Kings juſt Love ſhews no remorſe,
At once provokes and juſtifies his force,
I am to my ways fixt, as you to yours.

Alte. Oh, Sir, I can be none but *Lycidors*,
Daggers and Swords you wreſted from my hand,
But I had poiſon left at my Command.
That remedy your Luſt has made me chooſe,
Which now its welcome Venom does diffuſe.

She goes to her Bed ſide.

King. Forbid it, Heavens, that Beauty ſo ſublime
Should be deſtroy'd and only by my Crime.
The bright Vermillion from her Cheeks is fled,
And Death begins to reign where Beauty did.
What fury was't cou'd your reſentment move,
In this dire way to diſappoint my love.

Alte. Since Life, or Vertue, I was forc'd to looſe,
It had been ſin to doubt which I muſt chooſe.

King.

King. Oh, *Altemira*, if I cou'd have thought
Your threatnings wou'd such sad effects have wrought,
I'de have prevented this dark scene of woe,
And here my self have struck the fatal blow. *pointing to his heart.*
Alte. You may deplore, but can't recal my fate,
Your sorrow though 'twere true is come too late.
King. Ah, wou'd to Heaven you had been but as slow,
My Crimes to Credit once, as sorrow now.
Enter Mellizer and *Gessippus* unseen.
Alte. The truth of your Repentance will appear,
If you restore the Crown to *Mellizer*.
Your sorrow for your sin none can suspect,
If you their cause decline, and Mourn the effect.
Enter Candace *who kneels and weeps with* Altemira.
King. Oh, that I cou'd your precious Life redeem,
By laying at his Feet my Diadem.
To save you I with joy wou'd make it known,
I wou'd my Life resign, as well as Crown.
Alte. My Life is past recovery you see,
But do as much for Justice, as for me.
If ever Joys immortal you wou'd share,
You must as well as Mourn, your sin repair.
Which that you may I of the Gods Implore,
Death's hasty Summons lets me say no more.
Witness, O Witness, ye all seeing Power's,
That as I liv'd — so — I — dye *Lycidan's*. *She dies.*
King. O stay, O stay a while, fair Maid thy flight,
More of those prayers once more wou'd make me white.
But 'twill not be, for Death, like envious Night,
Draws his black Curtains o're those Globes of Light.
Great Gods! already she begins to be
As cold her self, as stil she was to me.
Whither is vanish'd now that matchless fire,
That lately did that noble Frame inspire?
Alas! by my Impiety 'tis sent
To seek for rest in its own Element.
And nothing's left to entertain the sence,
But the pale Emblem now of Innocence.
He draws his Sword,
I will no more thus trifle out my Breath,
But right her wrongs by my own Instant Death.
Fair injur'd Spirit, if thou yet dost Grace
With thy Bright Lustre this unhallow'd Place:
Behold, behold ere my last flight begins,
How in my Blood I wash away my sins.
He offers to kill himself, but is stop'd by Mellizer *and* Gessippus.

Mell. This is an Action, Sir, of meer Despair,
Think you this last crime can the first repair?
King. All thoughts of reparation are but vain,
Death I make choice of but to end my pain.
Mell. A Death, which is attain'd by such a sin,
Is not your pains to end but to begin.
King. With your vain babble you your selves may please,
Death is at once a Justice and an Ease,
He offers again to kill himself, but Mellizer *and* Gellippus
wrest the Sword out of his Hand.
Mell. In such despair your Life you shall not end,
Rather the Remnant in deep sorrow spend.
King. You shou'd have stay'd me going to Commit
That horrid sin, not when I'd punish it.
Mell. If thus you yield your self to black despair,
You'l render ineffectual her last prayer.
I shou'd not now against your Death contest,
If I lov'd you less than my Interest.
The King walks a while.
King. O Noble *Mellizer*, on calmer thoughts
I needs must own thy Vertues, and my Faults.
'Tis fit my last Intentions you restrain,
The greatest sin deserves the greatest pain:
Therefore 'tis just my Death you shou'd deny,
For 'tis more punishment to Live than Dye.
Yes, *Mellizer*, I am resolv'd to Live,
And my whole time to tears and sorrow give.
For I confess I was not less unjust
In my black Usurpation, then my Lust.
And to keep nothing secret that has past,
The first was chiefly Acted for the last.
Now to behold my Errors I begin,
And loath the Power which made me Act the sin.
Which here I give up freely in your hand,
And thus fulfil that Fair ones last Command.
Permit me, Sir, before I go from hence,
To clear my self of a suppos'd Offence.
Reports perhaps in you some doubts have plac'd,
I made away your hopeful *Altemast*,
But from the Gods may I no pardon gain,
If I have e'er deserv'd so foul a stain.
Now, Sir, I'le take my last farewel,
From hence I'le go directly to a Cell.
And there in Tears and Groans I will begin
A Life of sorrow, vast as is my sin.
Mell. The Gods will make this just design succeed,
And grant that pardon you deserve and need.

May they ſo bleſs you there, that you may own
A Cell is much more happy than a Throne!

The King goes to Altemira, *kneels by her, and ſays,*

King. Farewel, of all thy Sex the nobleſt Light,
My Crimes but made thy Vertues ſhine more bright.
If one of next Life's bleſſings be to know
The good things, which are Acted here below:
'Twill bring Acceſſion to thy happineſs,
To know thy Country owes to thee her peace.
And ſince to thy Commands I've now been juſt,
Let my Obedience expiate my Luſt.

Exit King.

Mell. Evadne, I muſt leave it to your care,
The Nobleſt Pomps of Burial to prepare.
'Tis to her Death and Vertue that I own
The peaceful reſtitution of my Throne.

Mell. to *Geſſippus.* To the black Tower *Geſſippus* go from me,
And there ſet *Clorimon* at Liberty,
And then that high Command he held before,
I think it is but Juſtice to reſtore.

Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

Altemira's *Chamber almost dark.*

Enter Page. Clorimon *knocks.*

Page.— WHO knocks there? Whoso'ere you are, be gone.
Clor. 'Tis I.
Page. Who are you?
Clor. Clorimon.
I tell thee, that thou may'st remove thy fears,
I'le only pay my Sacrifice of Tears.
Page. Candace bid me let none in.
Clor. Be sure,
For this Offence thy pardon I'le procure.

The Page opens the door, then goes out.
Clorimon *goes to* Altemira's *Bed side: gazes on her a while, and says.*

Must all those charms of Body and of Mind,
Which late so bright in *Altemira* shin'd,
Like other common things of Nature's Birth,
Be now resolv'd for ever into Earth?
Shall Nature be indulgent thought, that grants
A frailer Life to Beauty, than to Plants?
Oh! that I cou'd thy cruel Fate reclaim,
By all the tortures of a slighted Fame.
Cou'd I by those restore thy Life and Peace,
My Torments then wou'd make my happiness.
But why have I employ'd that Time and Breath
To Mourn, which shou'd be to revenge thy Death?
Tyrant, thy doing right to *Mellizer*
Shan't hinder me from doing right to her.
In vain dost thou to thy retirement trust,
Thy Fear, not Honesty has made Thee Just.
Thou know'st my great revenge too high was grown
To leave thee safe, though seated on a Throne.

And

And vainly think'ſt, by creeping to a Cell
Thou doſt ſecure, below my Juſtice, dwell.
No Place or Title, Monſter, ſhall withſtand
Vengance when ripe, and paid by ſuch a hand.
This juſt Reſolve I never will decline,
But through a Thouſand Deaths I'le give thee thine.

Enter Lycidor *Diſguis'd.*

Lycid. What horrors now my faculties invade,
Entring this place which is Death's blackeſt Shade?
Clor. Who's this that makes this fatal Room his Choice?
My Sence miſtakes, or 'tis my Rival's Voice.
I'le hide my ſelf a while, till he has ſhown
What his deſigns are, then I'le Act my own.
Lycid. There, O there bright *Altemira* lies,
And an eternal Night has clos'd her Eyes.
Candace told me all thy Noble Story,
Which has not more of ſadneſs, than of Glory.
Thou for thy Vertues art a Star above,
A Pattern left for Chaſtity and Love.
Which ſtill ſhall laſt when Pyramids of Pride
Are ſhrunk into ſuch Aſhes as they hide.
Yet wonder not that moment which made known
Thy fatal Death, I did not act my own.
Revenge and Love a while did nobly ſtrive,
At length the firſt did ſentence me to live.
But I have only ſtopt my long'd for flight,
Till I have done thy injur'd *Manes* right.
My tortur'd Soul will never be at reſt,
Till he's the Sacrifice, and—— I the Prieſt.
Nor will his fall make my revenge compleat,
The Victim is ſo ſmall, the Crime ſo great,
At deeper wounds my juſt revenge ſhall aim,
I will not only kill his Life, but fame.

Enter Candace *in Mans Cloaths, and his Confident.*

Cand. See, *Lycider* before his dead Saint kneels,
He ne're ſhall riſe till my revenge he feels.
Confident. Act now what thy Revenge ſhall moſt inſpire,
My Sword ſhall ſecond thee to thy deſire.
Clor. Ha! who are theſe that come at ſuch an hour,
And with that fury threaten *Lycidor*?
Their odds in number and their ſtrange diſguiſe,
With their intent to kill him by ſurprize,
Muſt for a monent my juſt hate ſuſpend,——
Honour commands me now to be his Friend.
Cand. His Death is compaſs'd at this lucky time.
Will make my hopes as great as is my Crime.

Since

Since all things else have still successless been,
I'le try to alter Fortune by this Sin.

[Candace *runs at* Lycidor, Clorimon *interposes with his Sword drawn.*

Clor. Hold Sir, here's that which will your fury stay,
To kill him you through me must make your way.
Rise Rival——

Lyc. Clorimon! 'tis doubtless he. [Lycid. *rises.*
This is yet done like a brave Enemy.
But since to fight with me thou here hast chose,
Why cam'st thou not alone, or who are those?

Clor. All are thy Foes, but since we are too strong,
That Name shall only to those two belong.

[*He goes to* Lycidor's *side.*

Lycid. What can this mean? Where will this wonder end?
In Words he is my Foe, in Deeds my Friend.

Clor. Thy Admiration for a while suppress,
My Foes are Friends whilst they are in Distress.

Lycid. Those, that wou'd murder me, do'nt know me sure,
For Death is now no punishment, but cure,
And were it not the Tryants Life to end,
By all the Powers my own I'de not defend.

Cand. The Gods I find my ruin have decreed,
Since two such Rivals are so soon agreed.
But I'le so fight, that if I fall I may
By a brave Death wash my Life's stains away.

[*They fight*, Candace *falls by* Clorimon, *and her Confident is kill'd by* Lycidor.

Clor. to *Lycidor*, Thy Treacherous Foes by my assistance slain,
Guard thee, for thou art now my Foe again.
Though *Altemira*'s dead, those wrongs I'le strive
To right thou did'st me, when she was alive.

Lycid. To use that Life against Thee were not brave,
Which by thy Gallantry thou now didst save.

Clor. I sav'd thee only from that base surprize,
To make thee my Revenges Sacrifice.
Know too to urge thee more, that thy design
The Tyrant to destroy is one with mine.
I'le kill thee then least thou as happy prove
In thy Revenges Rivalship as Love.
And if such threatnings thou dost longer bear,
It does not spring from Gratitude but Fear.

Lycid. Come on then——

[*They fight and skuffle near* Altemira's *Bed*, Altemira *rises in her Bed.*

Alte. Sure yet I am not in thoſe happy Shades,
VVhich VVarlike miſe and Tumult ne're invades.
For here I ſee ſome fighting and ſome ſlain,
And thoſe are Crimes which on Earth only Reign.
Clor. My Sword to enter thee the way has found.
Lycid. 'Tis but a Scratch, I'le venture for a VVound.
Alte. My Ears are charm'd by ſome deluding Power,
Or theſe are *Clorimon* and *Lycidor*.
They are. VVhat madneſs makes you thus ingage?
Quench in my Blood the Fire of your fierce rage.
[*She riſes haſtily, runs to part them, and is ſlightly wounded by* Clorimon. *Then falls down between him and* Lycidor.
VVellcome, O wellcome Death! thy looks leſs fright,
Than to behold ſuch noble Rivals fight.
Clor. 'Tis *Altemira*'s Voice.
Lycid. Is't ſhe, or is't ſome Angel?
Alte. 'Tis *Altemira*; your diſſentons have
VVak'd me from Death, and rais'd me from the Grave.
Lycid. Fly, fly, for help, fair *Altemira* Bleeds,
O fatal Accident.——— [*The Page runs out.*
Alte. That fight in which you both ingag'd I found,
Makes now my Heart bleed faſter than my VVound.
All outward helps are but a vain relief,
Till you by being Friends ſuppreſs my inward grief.
Clor. Such deep reſpects to your Commands I owe,
I'le not eſteem your Favorite my Foe.
Tho' my foul wrongs would Hermits Paſſions move,
Since they aſperſe my Honour and my Love;
VVrongs, whoſe low nature I'me aſham'd to tell,
'Tis pain to hear 'em, to endure 'em Hell.
Lycid. Thoſe wrongs thou fancieſt I have done to thee,
Are leſs than actual wrongs thou didſt to me.
Alte. Some falſe Aſperſions may this difference make,
Do both, or by Report, or Knowledge ſpeak?
Clor. I know it only by Report I own,
But well my Author's fair Repute is known.
Lycid. I ſpeak by Information I confeſs,
Yet my Informer you'l not credit leſs.
Clor. Tho' ſtill in me his happy envied Love
One baſe injurious thought could never move.
Lycid. And I by my dear *Altemira* ſwear,
Not to wrong him was ſtill my ſtudy'd care.
Alte. I credit both, for I ne're knew you move
But in the ways of Honour as of Love.
Therefore I beg of both that I may know
VVho 'twas maliciouſly incens'd you ſo.

Clor.

Clor. In this my deep Obedience too shall shine,
My Author is a VVoman.

Lycid. So is mine.

Clor. But I am sure you'l think me not to blame,
If tho' I tell the Sex, I hide the Name,

[Mellizer *and Page enter and stand at the Door.*

Alte. Oh, it can here be Vertue, to be true
To her, that's false to Honour, him, and you.
Therefore as you are just to Love, and Fame,
No longer hide this justly odious Name.

Clor. Pauses. *Candace* is the Name you long to know.

Lycid. And my Informer was *Candace* too.

Alte. Candace! She to whom I did Impart
Without reserve the Secrets of my heart.
Is't she then who has all these troubles bred,
Whither, O whither is the Monster fled?

Candace *lifts up her head, and turning to* Altemira *says.*

Cand. Here, Madam, I that wretched Monster lye,
Asham'd to live, but not afraid to dye.
My Soul, tho' on her wings, shall stop her flight,
Till I have done those injur'd Rivals Right.
Know then, that I who for *Candace* past
Am the unhappy, guilty *Altemast.*

Clor. Curst be this Sword, which was by fate decreed
To make the Noblest of both Sexes bleed.

Altimast. Lament not, noble *Clorimon*, my fall,
Nor lend your pitty you'l so soon recall.
The now depos'd Usurper at the fall
Of great *Alcander*, was our General.
And by his Friends, his Courage, and his Arts,
Had of the Army so ingros'd the Hearts,
He in the lucky Minute seiz'd the Crown,
Though 'twas my Father's right to fill the Throne.
Who, though his Right met with a wish'd Applause,
Though strong in Numbers, stronger in his Cause;
Yet rather then by Blood his Crown he'd gain,
Agreed the Usurper for his Life shou'd Reign.
And that his only Daughter I shou'd wed,
And to the Throne succeed, when he was dead.
I thought it too much wrong to those bright Eyes,
To be to ought but them a Sacrifice.
My changeless Flame did my Resolves approve,
And shun'd a Crown of State for one of Love.
Thus fix'd too soon, alass! I after found.
With what success my Rival's Love was Crown'd.

And

And what did moſt of all my Grief increaſe,
Nought cou'd tranſcend his Worth, but his Succeſs.
But I cou'd no Impediments regard,
I look not on the Troubles, but Reward.
I fix'd upon a daring Enterprize,
For you my Sex and Title to diſguiſe.
I ſoon ſucceeded, I was ſo intent
To pleaſe you, I was made your Confident.
Then, then, alaſs! I found I muſt contend
With him as Lover, and with him as Friend.

Alte. Amazing Story—— *pointing to* Clor. *and* Lycidor

Cand. Soon as my happy Rival did diſcover
That the late Tyrant was become your Lover
By open force his Party he made ſtrong,
Aud cloak'd his private Hate with publick Wrong.
This Noble Action chang'd your Father's mind,
To make you *Clorimon*'s before inclin'd.
Then I attempted to corrupt your Guards,
Who valu'd leſs their Faith than my Rewards,
They correſponded ſtreight with *Clorimon*,
By which he both your Town and Perſon won.
Though to behold you Priſoner was a Curſe,
To've ſeen you *Lycidor*'s had ſtill been worſe.
But miſſing all I hop'd for at that time,
My Paſſion made me act the blackeſt Crime.
For tho' they both in Rivalſhip did prove
As highly ſtrict to Honour, as to Love,
Yet I to both ſtill of each other ſent,
The fouleſt Lies that Malice could invent.
What ſince haſt paſt you know, why I a draught procur'd,
That both your Vertue, and your Life ſecur'd.
It only ſeem'd to kill, whilſt by Expreſs,
I *Lycidor* inform'd of your diſtreſs.
But fear'd e're he cou'd your Revenge atchieue,
The Potion's power would ceaſe, aud you revive.
I then reſolv'd, aſſiſted by this Friend,
By killing him my greateſt fear to end.
And to perſwade you, when Life came again,
Diſpair not I your *Lycidor* had ſlain.
I then had hopes, flatter'd by my deſire,
Your Love for him wou'd with his Life expire,
And then I wou'd have offer'd, as your own,
An humble Heart, and an exalted Throne.

Alte. Cou'd you then hope, when *Lycidor* was dead,
And dead for me, that ever I cou'd Wed?

Altemaſt. I hop'd ſo, but I find the Gods decreed
My Crimes, tho' Crimes of Love, ſhou'd not ſucceed.

Yet let this truth from you some pitty win,
My Life had more of Love in it than Sin,
My Life, which since 'tis odious to your sight,
Thus I enlarge the passage of its flight.
He tears his Wound wider.
He that to right your Wrongs so just can prove,
What cou'd he not have done to gain your Love?
My Death is come in the most happy time,
If it can move you to forgive my Crime.
The greatest Joy to which I now pretend,
Is that your hate, and——I—atonce—may end. [*He dies.*]
Alte. Oh fatal Death! and oh, more fatal Life!
Yet his Confession sure will end your strife.
Clor. 'Twill end whatever I had fancy'd ill,
But, Madam, is he not my Rival still?
Lycid. And that high Title solemnly I swear,
Whilst this poor Life endures, I'le ever wear.
Altemera *seems to faint.*
Lycid. Oh let not death those conquering Charms deface,
But reinthrone her Blood in its due place.
Alte. Is this your Love? Oh! take not so much pain
To bring me back to hated Life again.
In vain, my Lord, that Cure you would pursue,
Which I must owe to *Clorimon*, not you.
For tho' to *Lycidor* my Love I give,
Yet e're I give my self I'le have your leave. [*Pointing to* Clor
But still if I of your consent shou'd miss,
I never will be any's since not his.
Clor. You seeming Death in me such griefs have bred,
I wish you rather *Lycider*'s than dead.
'Twere Sin to think I would not much more give
To make you happy, than but make you live.
And since 'tis order'd by the Eternal Powers
You must be either Death's, or *Lycider*'s.
Be *Lycidor*'s, for oh! I can't deny,
'Tis fitter that my hopes than yon should dye.
Lycid. to Clor. Let this assurance all past faults redeem,
Next to the Gift the Giver I esteem.
Alte. But one Grant more, then all my trouble ends,
That you and *Lycidor* will still be Friends.
Clor. How can you think I'de act at such a rate,
As to give what I love to what I hate?
Only my Love to you made me his Foe,
Now that must cease, my hate shall do so too. [*They Embrace.*
Lycid. My Gratitude I do not ill express,
When I must own 'tis vast as is my happiness. [*They Embrace.*
Enter

Enter Mellizer.

Mell. In this desired Agreement I will joyn,
And you to *Clorimon's* consent have mine.
Vertue and Love in all so brightly shin'd,
That to my wonder I my grief resign'd.
And would not interrupt what you have done,
No, not to close the Eyes of a dead Son:
I heard his Story with a Father's grief,
Which for his death gave me too much relief.
Now, *Lycidor*, since you to Arms did fly, [*To* Lycid
But to preserve your Mistress Chastity,
Doubtless 'twould be 'gainst Reasons justest Laws,
Th' effects to punish and approve the Cause.
Therefore as soon as Art your Mistress cures,
By Sacred Nuptial Rights she shall be yours.

Lycidor *kneels.*

Lycid. Your Gifts I cannot with more joy receive,
Then for your Service I my Life would give.

[*The King takes him by the Hand and he rises.*

Mell. Come let us lead fair *Altemira* in,
For she grows pale, and her wound bleeds again.
For *Altemast*, 'tis fit that he should have
No Funeral Pomp, and but a common Grave.
His Crimes make him unfit to fill a Room
In his great Predecessors Royal Tomb.
But they shall make me by an equal Reign,
The Honour he has lost strive to regain.

FINIS.

FINIS.